

GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 49

HOLIDAY SNACK, ANYONE?



THE UNFORTUNATE LAD ABOVE GRAPHICALLY LEARNS THE HAZARDS OF PREMATURELY RAIDING THE XMAS SNACK TRAY AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS RIGHT THUMB IN THIS THROBING SCENE FROM *TRICK OR TREATS* (SEE REVIEW THIS ISSUE). THE STAFF OF THE G.G. WOULD LIKE TO WISH ALL ITS READERS A HEALTHY AND HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON AND THE HOPES FOR A GORE-DRENCHED NEW YEAR CHOCK FULL OF A BUMPER CROP OF SCREEN DEPRAVITY. SEE YOU IN 83!!!

AN OFF-SEASON SENSATION

Just when it was generally assumed that the "mad slasher" psycho sagas were breathing their last gasps in box office popularity, some interesting and original variations have been added by innovative production companies to give the trite genre a bit more mileage. Initially, Rita May Brown and Amy Jones scored (through New World) with *Slumber Party Massacre*, the first successful parody of the stalk and slashers to date. New Line Cinema followed hot on their heels with *Alone in the Dark*, which mixed subtle humor and well-thought characterization with a neat plot variation to come up with one of 1982's best

films. Now, Lone Star Pictures, a small west coast-based distribution firm brings yet another original, entertaining "maniac on the loose"-or with *Trick Or Treats*, which opened to NYC area theaters on December 10. Although totally missing the mark of its intended season (a Halloween story released at Christmas?), it succeeds primarily on an enthralling screenplay written by Gary Graver concerning a ruthless, ambitious wife (surprisingly played by ex-lobster Carrie Snodgrass) who craftily has her high-level executive husband committed to a mental asylum so that she can reap his wealth and allow her gigolo boyfriend (David Carradine) to move into their patrician palace. All goes well for a few years, until one Halloween night when the railroaded

from start to finish and further proof that with continued originality, crazed psychos might be with us for months to come.

NEW AMERICAN/G.G. FREEBEE

New American Films, the NY distributor that brought us past gems like Psycho From Texas, Axe and other rare obscurities have set up a special free preview screening of their newest upcoming Horror release, Kill And Go Hide, exclusively for all G.G. readers. The date is Thursday afternoon January 6, 1982 at Magno 9 Screening Room, 1600 Broadway (between 47 & 48th Sts.), 9th Fl., at 3:00 P.M. sharp. Kill And Go Hide is produced by Mr. Harry Novak, one of the great sultans of sleaze, and promises to be loaded with the high degree of bloodspurting, maiming and general depravity that all G.G. readers thrive on. Seats are available on a first come, first served basis so plan on arriving a bit early to avoid getting shut out. Mark that date on your calendar now (Jan. 6 at 3:00 PM) - consider it a generous Xmas gift from New American Films to you. See you there!!

ENTERTAINING SPINE SUCKER

Sharing the bill with Trick Or Treats at only one sole venue (the posh Times Square Theater) is Scared To Death, another Lone Star picture that never made it to the NY metro area during its original release back in 1980. Essentially a straight cop of 1977's Slithis (which imitated the countless radiation-spawned monster sagas of the 1950's itself), Scared emerges as slightly better owing to a light tongue-in-cheek screenplay by director William Mallone and a convincing Alien-inspired monster that does not look like a rubber suit. A small town is plagued by a series of mysterious deaths where victims are found to be both mutilated and drained of all their spinal fluid. An eccentric ex-cop and a slick black detective team up to discover the killer to be a genetic mutation which lives in the sewers beneath the city. After a surprisingly tense finale, the pair lure the monster to a metal scrapyard where it is disposed of ala The Fly. Scared doesn't offer too much in terms of explicit gore, but aficionados of the depraved will enjoy the monster's mode of attack: it has a two foot long phallic tongue which it crams down its victims' throats, tearing through the esophagus and latching onto their spinal vertebrae. The monster then sucks all their fluid out while the attackees writhe in agony in what has to be the sickiest display of veal cutlets ever. Mallone wisely avoids showing the creature for extended periods so that when it is glimpsed, it seems genuinely shocking. Scared To Death is an effective low budget shocker and a must for all fans of Dr. Z-style reptilian shockers.

GG FILM SCHEDULE AT CLUB 57
1/6-Caged Heat (w/B. Steele)
1/13-Last House On The Left
(uncut original version!)

R.I.P.
NEW AMSTERDAM
THEATER (WE'LL
MISS YOU!!!)



ANOTHER "WARM" HOLIDAY GREETING EXTENDED TO G.G. READERS COMES ALL THE WAY FROM FLORIDA. NONE OTHER THAN HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS, THE LEGENDARY KING OF GORE, (SHOWN ABOVE WITH HIS LOVELY WIFE MARGO) SUBMITTED THIS SHOT WITH A REQUEST TO WISH AREA GOREHOUNDS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND SAFE NEW YEAR. LOOK FOR MORE INFO. ON H.G.L. IN UPCOMING ISSUES.

TRICK OR TREATS (cont.)

bubby escapes from the institution and returns home with the intent of settling the score with his evil mate. Unfortunately, both wife and stud are spending the evening at a jet-set masquerade in another state leaving only Carrie's son and the stereotyped blonde babysitter home for the night. It also seems that their son is a wierdo of the Pugsley/Harold and Maude variety who enjoys feigning suicide for strangers in assorted sick manners (decapitating himself, drowning, mutilation, burning, etc.). Treats then adopts the "boy who cried wolf" fable for its climax as the deranged husband finally arrives home and begins slashing up neighbors and visitors to the total indifference of the babysitter, who feels that the carnage is just more of the brat's sadistic amusements. In print this may just sound like another hackneyed Halloween imitator, but in the hands of Graver (who also produced and directed), it emerges as a hilarious black humor spoof, similar (but far surpassing) the critically lauded Eating Raoul. (Interesting enough Raoul's auteur Paul Bartel appears as a wino in a brief cameo in Treats.) Graver's son Chris essays the Bud Cort role admirably, treading a fine line between being cute and totally obnoxious that will get your emotions flipping from hoping he survives to wishing he gets daddy's knife buried deep in his overweight belly. Hard core gore enthusiasts won't be disappointed either, as aside from the sick humor the violence in all sequences is very graphic and revolting (the scene in which Graver Jr. stages the mutilation of his thumb will knock you right out of your seat.). In total, Trick Or Treats is enjoyable